

Modern Woman

Two Women Whose Heads Cannot Be Turned by Money—Mrs. Killien Will Keep on Scrubbing Floors as Before :: :: ::

Recently I have read of two women whose heads are level. Both have fallen heir to considerable fortunes; both take the matter as calmly and philosophically as if they picked up thousand dollar bills in the street every day. One of these philosophers is Mrs. Mary Smith Killien, a bright faced Irishwoman who scrubs the floors of a great office building in New York. Mrs. Killien is a widow with two daughters, whom she has brought up by the labor of her hands. Her pay is only a few dollars a week, but when she got the news that a brother had died and left her \$30,000 and that the money was waiting for her she said: "Sure, this is very unexpected, I'm not needin' the money particularly, but it will come in handy for me daughters. They will get an education for themselves, but their mother will stay here an' scrub an' earn an honest livin'." If I win home I suppose I'd hang out the white flag all day an' get as stout as an elephant. Why should I quit work because I've a few dollars? Would ye expect me to lay down like an old woman? Indade, I'm continted to work as long as God Almighty gives me strength."

The other woman whose head is packed as full of good, strong common sense that she cannot be dazzled by good fortune lives in Washington. She is Mrs. Edith Sage Emerson, niece of Russell Sage. She is not going to contest her uncle's will, but will accept thankfully the \$50,000 Uncle Russ' widow has given to each of his nieces and nephews. She appears to be the one Sage heir who remembers the fact that she never earned a dollar of the Sage fortune and there is no reason, therefore, in equity, why she should get any of it. When she gets the \$50,000 she will go to Europe and study art, which she has longed to do for years.

Only weakminded women and old men in their dotage live in the past. Don't do it. Look forward and always look for something brighter and better than the past has brought, doing your best to deserve it.

Do you know what Herbert Spencer said? "In the history of humanity the saddest part concerns itself with the treatment of woman. Cannibalism, the torturing of prisoners, the sacrificing of victims to ghosts and gods—these have been but occasional, but the treatment of woman has been universal and constant. The amount of suffering she has borne is beyond the imagination."

Here is the story of a hysterical man and one of those air obstructing, dust catching lambrequins; Edward Harrigan got up in the morning and lighted a gas stove to get breakfast on. The flame blazed up and set fire to the mantel lambrequin. Edward screamed for help. His "wife fainted"—at least the newspaper young man said she did. Neither of the nervous pair had sense enough to grab that fool drapery and choke the fire out, which could have been done in half a minute by anybody with a head on. Instead an alarm was turned in, and the fire department came, wagon, hook and ladder and engine. A dozen gallant firemen rushed in and put the lambrequin out. The extent of the damage was the loss of the lambrequin.

Thirteen men were out in a launch in the Housatonic river. The launch struck a log and sank. The men were thrown into the water. Two women who knew how to run a launch put out in their own boat and rescued all of the thirteen men.

I have heard a choice bit of slang which is new to me. A salesgirl in a dry goods store was imparting to a companion one of the thrilling confidences which young saleswomen generally exchange when a customer in a hurry is waiting for them. The girl who heard the tale raised her hands, looked upward and exclaimed, "Well, now, wouldn't that put your eye out?"

Out of thirty stories in a recent month's issue of leading magazines seventeen were by women writers. There is no other fiction writer today so popular as Marie Corelli. Nearly 100,000 copies of her last book, "The Treasure of Heaven," were sold in Great Britain on the day it was published.

The recent marriage of Miss Louise Forslund and Mr. Carey Waddell was the union of two American literary people. The wedding took place at the Sayville (N. Y.) home of the bride's father. Why I mention it especially is that by request of the bride and groom the words "obey" and "serve" were omitted from the marriage ceremony—that, too, by a just and liberal minded Episcopal clergyman. Once more, my friends, permit me to observe that the sun do move.

The most despicable creature on this earth is the "biddable" woman, whether she be under the thumb of her husband, her pastor or her folks.

Says Mrs. Christine Terhune Herriek, writing of a certain old woman, "A while ago she was enjoying poor health, but lately she has been complaining of feeling better." Just so.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

ABOUT OLD WOMEN.

Can One Live to Extreme Old Age and Remain in Sound Condition? It is no great feat now to live a century. Numerous women—far more women than men—have proved it possible. Almost anybody who is determined to round up a century of existence on this planet can probably do so. We may consider that point settled. But can the race learn to achieve a hundred years of life here and make the whole running in good condition, sound as to mind, limb, teeth, sight and hearing, graceful of figure, limber in action and comely in appearance, free from the so called infirmities of age? That is the next question. It is far the more important one. The majority of the very aged persons one has seen are such ghastly wrecks of humanity, so unpleasant, even repulsive looking, mostly deaf, nearly blind, crippled up with "rheumatiz," that really it would be almost a mercy to them and the people who have to take care of them to painlessly put them out of the world in which they have stayed too long.

No! Nobody wants to be that kind of a centenarian. The Lord forbid!

The task before the race is that of reaching one's one hundredth year sound, sane, sensible and handsome, full of usefulness and the joy of living.

A Bunch of Old Women.

I have lately made a study of the pictures of some very aged women. The impression I get from most is that it would have been to the credit side of their good looks if they had passed out thirty years ago. Then, again, two or three of these centenarian dames are as comely to look upon and as simply in figure as is the average woman of sixty-five. That may not be saying much, perhaps, yet it proves again the possibility of a woman reaching the hundred year mark without looking like a monstrous caricature of herself. So, in a measure at least, we may consider that point settled too.

The picture of Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt of Brooklyn, aged 106, one of the oldest persons in America, looks certainly a full generation younger than the lady's years. Mrs. Hunt takes keen interest in the affairs of life, is alive and bustling. She recently made an extended automobile tour.

Mrs. Jennie Edwards Root, seventy-seven, a music teacher of Cleveland, still actively engaged in her profession, lately won a pedestrian race by walking



"IS IT WORTH WHILE TO LIVE?"

ing two miles in twenty-six minutes. Her picture shows her quite agreeable to look at, and, above all, she is gowned in up to date clothes. Up to date costumes and hats of some soft light color take at least ten years from the looks of an old woman and by consequence from her feelings. The ancient, dented, rusty, dusty black bonnets so many elderly women disfigure themselves with ought to be snatched off their heads and burned. The woman ought to die who no longer cares how she looks.

Longevity Rules.

Very aged women, whether hideous or comely, agree unanimously as to two rules for reaching a century. One is don't worry; the other is keep busy with useful work all the time. Aunt Sally Jones, a negro woman 101 years old living at Port Jefferson, N. Y., says: "Eat when you are hungry, sleep when you are sleepy. While you are awake work all the time. I'm the best sleeper you ever saw. Make work a pleasure, as it ought to be. Always be cheerful. Never worry. If these rules don't bring long life then there's bad blood in your family, and it ought to die out."

The Will to Live and Be Well.

The determined will to live long in good health and keep all one's powers goes a hundred times further toward bringing about that result than the average human being has any idea of. Man is not a helpless creature, at the mercy of microbes and senile decrepitude. The Creator never meant him to be that. Quite half the race get old because of their jellylike backbone and lack of clear grit and will power. They just let go their grip and give up, oftentimes when every power of mind and body is still in its prime, just because "old people" always have done that. "Well, people don't do it," is the only reason they give for not keeping braced up and going on like sound, sane human beings.

SUSAN PEPPER.

CUR FASHION LETTER.

Those Who Are Wise Will Now Begin to Buy Furs.

AVOID THE SHORT ROUND SKIRT

The Smart Fall and Winter Coats Will Be Lined With Brocade—Black and Yellow Will Be a Favorite Combination.

Madam Fashion has decreed that the skirts of walking frocks shall be two inches from the ground. Carriage and dressy costumes have graceful sweep length skirts or short pointed trains. Those who know say that now is the time to buy furs. They are cheaper



A FALL WRAP.

at this time than they will be a month later and the modes are fully established.

Very smart are the fall outing hats of gray felt, with their rather tall sugar loaf crowns and wide brims, one side of which rolls becomingly and is taught with a paradise plume. An attractive gray model in this style has the brim bound with pale blue velvet and a deep band placed about the crown. A chon of blue chiffon at one side is the only trimming unless one includes a long automobile veil that goes with the hat.

A charming autumn frock is of bright brown veiling made with a skeleton bodice over a full blouse of heavy brown net. The net in turn is made over white batiste, and there are touches of heavy white batiste embroidery and lace.

The wrap illustrated is designed for a girl of fifteen and is of hunter's green broadcloth, trimmed with bands of black cloth outlined with white soutache braid.

WELL TO KNOW.

For wear with tailor made clothes plaid silk petticoats are very popular finished with self trimming.

Black lace gowns trimmed with white lace applied on the black net are sufficiently new in design to be attractive.

When selecting a fall walking skirt be sure to avoid the circular shape. No matter how well it is cut, it will need rehauling almost every time it is worn. The correct length for a short skirt is two inches from the ground.

Brocade will line most of the smart fall and winter coats, and another old



BLUE VELVET HAT.

fashioned silk which is being largely used for belts is satin mervelleux.

In millinery, colors are chiefly on the dark and somewhat somber order. Black is in high favor, browns are much liked, and the wine shades are very prominent. Green appears in many charming shades, and blue in all tones is in evidence.

The brims of the large picture hats do not turn up in a freakish fashion from the face, as they did last year, but droop prettily over a high bandeau.

Crowns on the new hats are most varied in character, but the small round dome crown disappeared with the small round hat. Draped crowns are in the majority, and square crowns

on the Gainsborough order are in good standing.

The hat pictured is of hyacinth blue velvet. About the crown is swathed malines of a lighter shade of blue. At the back of the chapeau is a panache of ostrich feathers in varying tones of this new blue.

SOME MINOR POINTS.

Stitched bands trim many of the smartest new suits. They are applied straight or are put on in fanciful designs. Tiny bands trimmed with buttons are another favorite adornment. Embroidered buttons appear on a number of stunning gowns, and a sus-



SLEEVE MODELS.

picion of beadwork beautifies many an otherwise plain costume.

Black and yellow is one of the new combinations of the season. It is not likely to be as generally becoming as the more tried and popular black and white maple effect.

Shawl effects in wraps are very smart. Natty little capes and more ambitious larger wraps built along these lines are much in evidence. Long and voluminous circular capes, boasting hoods lined with silk, are going to be the modish theater cloak of the winter.

The theater hats introduced in Paris last spring by an ultra smart duchess have found their way to this side of the water. They are nothing more than a suspicion of chiffon or tulle tricked out with an ostrich feather or a pretty arrangement of roses and velvet ribbon loops. Sometimes these tiny headpieces consist of all three materials.

The cut shows a smart group of sleeve models designed for autumn costumes. The epaulet effect is very new, and the cape upper drapery is an old idea revived.

JUST A GLIMPSE.

Accordion platted skirts are a novelty of the season. We have been wearing skirts of this description for some time, but the new models are more like knife plattings laid rather shallow, and the skirt is not so full.

Wide corded belts are very fashionable fastened with handsome buckles of antique or new art designs.

One of the newest shapes is an English walking hat with velvet crushed



A SILK BLOUSE.

frill on a low crown and plumes falling back over the hair. Crushed roses are placed under the brim at the back.

A smart coat trimming is the simulated hood effect, which is accomplished by a shaped drapery at the back of the coat, terminating in a little shallow hood and tassel.

The new hand bag is of suede leather exactly the shape of an opera bag. The leather matches the gown with which it is worn. It is hung from a chain of leather and turquoise.

Some felt hats are seen in two toned effects, the crown matching the upper side, or, again, a white felt hat will be combined with a colored brim.

Theater hats, it is predicted, will be very small—more of a resemblance to a headdress than actual hats. Many of them are without crowns and are, in fact, merely decorated bandeaux. There is often a trimming of tulle to match the hair.

The blouse illustrated is a natty little model carried out in coin dotted silk. The gumpie and stitched straps are of plain silk. Small buttons and simulated buttonholes are the adornments.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Sentiment vs. Realism

(Original.)

One morning in the sunny state of Louisiana a group of men were lounging on the porch of a plantation store telling stories. Jean Benoit, a creole, had the floor. The French people are much given to rhapsody, and Benoit was no exception to the rule. A drummer from the north sat on the head of a barrel listening to the creole's tale.

"M'seur Coquenard came from La Belle France with his son Adolphe and his ver' beautiful daughter Lucille. When M'seur Coquenard come to America his little girl was five year old, and she grow up with all the bravery of the true southern girl. She could ride and shoot and pull at the oar. Mam'selle Lucille were ver' fine girl. Her eye flash like lightning, her hair was black as the raven."

"Black cats is better to describe hair of that kind," interrupted the drummer.

"Her neck was like the swan!"

"Just the kind for the new collar—the Bernhardt—just out," put in the drummer. "I've got samples in my trunk."

The story teller cast a glance at the Yankee, but, seeing no trace of any intent to poke fun, continued:

"One ver' fine morning Mam'selle Lucille was pulling her boat on the river, and coming to an opening in the canebrake where there was a ferry she go ashore to look for wild flowers. The first thing she see besides the path was the dead body of her brother Adolphe with a dagger in his heart on the hilt of which sparkled a ver' large and beautiful diamond. With a shriek she threw herself on the body, calling on her brother like the wall of a harp to speak to her.

"When this brave girl get more composed she tak' the body of Adolphe, put it in the boat and row to the plantation. At the landing she leave it, go to the stable and mount her milk white horse."

"Kaintuck' stock?" inquired the drummer.

"Mam'selle ride away to avenge the murder of her brother," continued Benoit, without noticing the query.

"How did she get her clew?"

"She know ver' well who kill Adolphe. M'seur Octave Moustot wish to marry her. She not wish to marry M'seur Moustot, and her brother tell him to come no more to the house."

"Mam'selle Lucille ride straight to M'seur Moustot's plantation. She rein in her horse before the gallery and, drawing a dagger from her bosom, call on M'seur Moustot to come out and she will kill him. But his slaves tell her that their master have gone away that morning. They say he gone down the road toward the city. She wheel her horse and follow like the wind."

"She'd ought to have had one of the new autos. They're better in the wind. When the wind makes a hundred miles an hour, that's a hurricane. These autos do a hundred an hour with the chauffeur asleep."

The listeners cast a look of impatience at the drummer and the story teller continued:

"Mam'selle Lucille ride till the afternoon, when she come to a river. The ferryboat was just leaving and she was ver' certain her brother's murderer was on it. Just as she got a hundred feet from the stream her horse fell exhausted. Mam'selle Lucille ran to the boat, but it had left the shore. On it was a man holding a foaming steed. Mam'selle went back to her horse, and, opening a holster of the saddle, took out a pistol."

"What make?" from the drummer.

"How I know what make the pistol was when this happen' befo' the war?" cried the creole, at last becoming impatient with the drummer's interruptions. Presently he continued:

"Then Mam'selle Lucille ran forward again and fired, hitting—"

"The horse?"

"The horse! No. She shot the man!" shouted the narrator.

"Well," said the drummer, "if she's like most women sending missiles she must ha' turned around and fired at her talk white steed."

"Didn't I tell you Mam'selle Lucille was a ver' fine shot?" shrieked the story teller.

"Go on with the yarn."

"The ferryboat come back to shore, and they laid the man on the bank. Then Mam'selle Lucille see that she have shot the wrong man."

"Did he swear any?"

"No. He was ver' handsome man, and he looked up reprehensive with his fine eyes, and then Mam'selle Lucille was struck with self accusation. The man smiled at her a beautiful smile of forgiveness."

"My old woman would like to have a man like that," muttered the drummer to himself.

"He was a young planter who raised ver' much sugar, and he say to Mam'selle Lucille that if she smile on him his wound will not hurt him. She beg him to be taken to her father's plantation so that she can atone for her wrong by nursing him. They got a conveyance and first took him to a doctor, who said his wound would not be mortal if he had good care. Then they tak' him to M'seur Coquenard's plantation, and Mam'selle Lucille nurse him, and he recover. There was one grand passion between these two, and they were married, with all the planters within a hundred miles at the wedding."

"What became of the Mousetrapp man?" asked the Yankee.

"M'seur Moustot? He go to Paris, where he get killed in a duel."

"Waal," said the drummer reflectively, "you can't most always tell. 'Marriage is a lottery. Mobbe he got off better 'n the other feller."

F. A. MITCHEL.

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